# CHAT WITH HARRIS

A Visit to the Author of the Uncle | ture of my work." Remus Stories.

HIS HOME IN GEORGIA AND HIS WORK

He Talks About His Method of Writing and of Books.

LOVE FOR CHILDREN

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NCLE REMUS" IS one of the saints of "The Holiday Sean." He is almost as much a part of our children's lives as Santa Claus, and I cannot give a better Christmas letter my visit to him at his home in Atlanta, Ga., a few days

Joel Chandler Har-

at you know is the real name of riter of the "Uncle Remus" stories, s even more del'ghtful than his books. He s not a bandsome man, but his manners are so gentle and his talk so simple and wholesome, that you fall in love with him at once. His hair is of a fiery red. After His homely features, which I venture would stop the traditional clock, become transfigured by his healthy, happy soul shining out brough them when he talks, and makes tim almost beautiful. I wish you could "Uncle Remus" laugh. He is, you know, short and rather fat, and when anything amuses him his rotund form shakes like a bowl of jelly, and his "Ha! Ha! Ha!" rings forth in as clear tones as those of the boy to whom the "Brer Rabbit" and, "Tar Baby" story was told for the first me. He is, however, painfully modest. He is always depreciating himself, and during my chat he told me he could not realize why people thought so much of his scories. He is especially backward in



boy, and I doubt whether he knows any voman very intimately except his wife is, you know, a newspaper man as well an author. He is connected with the Atlanta Constitution, and for years he did his editorial work at the office of the paper. Now he does it all at home. Since he became famous the female curiosity ekers from the north, in passing through tlanta, have attempted to call and visit him. When they entered his room his tongue seemed to cling to the roof of his mouth and at last, to get rid of them, he trar sferred his work to his home. He never into society; seldom attends the the-and his delight is in his work and in

#### Where "Uncle Remus" Lives.

one. It is a rambling Queen Ann cottage, containing about nine rooms, all of which are on one floor. Below this there is a basement and above it an attic, and friends, should they happen to call. It is in one of the prettiest suburbs of Atlanta, and still it has a big enough yard to make it a sort of a country estate, as well as a city home. It contains more than five acres of land and its surroundings are those of a farm. We walked back through the fields before we entered the house to look at the donkies which the young Harris children ride, and to pat the young Harris children ride, and to pat the two beautiful yellow Jersey cows, which are among Mrs. Harris' pets. There is a big chicken yard just back of the house, and a lot of brother and sister chickens were running to and fro as we looked through the netting. "Uncle Remus" took an almost children delight in the kent. tock an almost childish delight in showing me his possessions. He pointed out his me his possessions. He pointed out his big strawberry bed, where he raises the most luscious fruit, and told me how his asparagus was ready for the table at the first of the season. We walked among his flowers and spent some time in admiring his roses, which, though it was then al-most winter, were still blooming. He has, I venture, more than one hundred rose bushes, and he told me that he had in his garden sixty-seven different varieties. He said he would have a thousand if he were rich enough, and as I saw him handle the flowers I could see that he loved them.

We sat a moment on the porch and then entered the wide hall, which runs through the house and into which the living rooms open. At the back is the parlor, and at the left the sitting room and work shop. There is nothing of the machinery of a newspaper editor or literary man to be seen. "Uncle Remus" uses but few books in his work. A pencil and a few strips in his work. A pench and a least of of blank printing paper are all that are needed to make the "Uncle Remus" stories. Mr. Harris handles these, and with his short stub pencil touches the hearts and tickles the sides of millions. He does his writing with his family about him, and his best stories have been written with a baby at his elbow.

### How "Uncle Remus" Was Written.

been told thousands of times how fond the children are of him, but when I told him that my boy Jack knew his "Uncle Remus" stories by heart, and that my little girl was in love with "Brer Rabbit" and "Brer Fox" he seemed pleased, and I said: "It must be a great pleasure to write for chil-

dren."
"Indeed, it is," replied Mr. Harris. "I enjoyed the writing of the 'Uncle Remus' stories. It was not hard work, and I believe I got as much fun out of their conversation as the children seemed to get from hearing them read. I could see how the children liked them, but it has always been a wonder to me that grown-up people read them with interest. In fact, today I rather question the veracity or the santty of the man who tells me he is fond of 'Uncle Remus.'"

#### "Brer Rabbit's" First Appearance.

Remus' story, Mr. Harris?" I asked. about eighteen years ago. I was writing for the Atlanta Constitution. I had begun my newspaper work, you know, as a boy of type for a rich planter, who was publishing a little paper of his own near our country town in Georgia. I had risen from the typesetting case to the editorial desk, and had had some experience in connection with the newspapers of Savannah and other places, and now I was employed upon the Constitution writing editorials, little stories ing to me. I wrote the first Uncle Remus sketch for the Sunday paper, and handed it to the printers, not deeming it of specia value. It was published, and was copied into other papers. My friends spoke to me about it, and I was urged to write more, Among the papers which copied the article was the New York Evening Post. This

surprised me, as the Post, you know, is a very sedate paper, and it seems to keep as far as possible from the frivolous. Weil, I wrote more of the sketches. They were also quoted, and within a short time 'Uncle Remus' and his tales became a regular fea-

His First Book.

"When were the 'Uncle Remus' stories first published in book form?" "It was in 1880. The Appletons then published the book entitled 'Uncle Remus, his songs and his sayings.' The book was well reviewed by the press, and the Saturday Review of London gave it a page. This started it well in America. The Boston papers followed with good reviews, and I

was surprised to see that it was every-where fairly well spoken of."
"You must have been delighted," said
"I was," replied "Uncie Remus."
"I was a little scared, too. The surprise was
so great that I did not know what to make
of it."
"How did the book sell?"

'How did the book sell?" "How did the book sell?"
"It had quite a large circulation," replied Mr. Harris. "I wrote, you know, several more along the same lines, and they all have a steady sale, both in England and the United States."

Origin of "Uncle Remus."

"Where did 'Uncle Remus' come from, Mr. Harris?" said I. "He was born, I think, at my home Putnam county, Ga.," was the reply. "But Mr. Harris, tell me, did he ever

really exist in the flesh, or is he simply the

creation of your fancy?"
"Both," replied Mr. Harris. "The 'Uncle Remus' of my stories is a composite of three or four old negroes, whom I knew as a boy. I have combined them and pernaps have added something to them. But the 'Uncle Remus' of fletion is chiefly made up from them."

"I suppose he really exists as an indi-viduality in your mind." said I.
"Yes, indeed," repiled Mr. Harris. "I can see him before my eyes as plainly as I see you. I know him. I can hear him talk, and his voice rings in my cars as I write."

They Are Genuine Negro Tales. "But, Mr. Harris, are the stories those which are really told on the plantations by the darkies, or are they made up of whole cloth?"

They are in most cases the stories of plantations," replied Mr. Harris. "They are the folk-lore of the negro. I suppose many of them have come down through the ages from Africa. I am told that some of them are almost the same as the stories of the folk-lore of India." "Why is it, Mr. Harris, "that 'Brer Rab-

bit is generally the hero of these tales? Why do the negroes pick him out as the most intelligent and cunning of the animals?

"I don't know," was the reply. "The fact is, the rabbit has a low, rather than a high, degree of animal intelligence. The hero of many of the folk-lore stories of the orientals is the hyena, which, you know, is the meanest of beasts."

#### "Uncle Remus" Dead.

"But you have not written any 'Uncle Remus' stories for some years, Mr. Har-

"No, I am done writing them. 'Uncle Remus' has finished his story telling. He has posed before the public for more than fifteen years, and it is time now that he stepped down and out. You may say, in short, that 'Uncle Remus' is dead." "But you do not intend to stop writing,

Mr. Harris?"
"No, indeed, was the reply. "I shall write, I suppose, as long as I live." Why "Brer Tarrypin" Failed to Fly.

Here I asked "Uncle Remus" to write me a little story for the child readers of this He thought for a moment, and then taking his pencil he rapidly wrote the following, which I give you verhatim as he perned it: "Mr. Carpenter has asked me to write

some sert of a sentiment-a piece of my mind for the children.

"Well. I remember the story where Brer Tarrypin wanted to learn to fly. He had seen Brer Buzzard sailing in the air and he thought he could sail, too. So he per-suaded Brother Buzzard to take him on his backgradia king her and the story was his back and give him a start. This was done. Brother Buzzard carried Brother Tarrypin in the air and dropped him. He fell, of course, and nearly killed himself. He was very angry with Brother Buzzard, not because he failed to fly, but because Brother Buzzard failed to show him how to light. Says he: 'Flyin' is easy as fallin', but I don't 'speck I kin larn how to light.' "If you don't know what this means ask some grown-up person. Before you begin to fly, be sure and learn how to light.

# (Signed) "JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS."

pin and Brer Buzzard I asked Mr. Harris if he found writing very hard work. "No," replied 'Uncle Remus.' "I write

ou see, about two thousand words of editorial every day. This I have been doing so long that it goes very easily. You take a good subject, put your pen on the paper and the editorial writes itself. This is my work in the day time. My story writing is done at night. I usually begin it after tea when the children have gone bed. I then pick up the story where I have left off and write away until bed

"How much of this do you consider a good evening's work?" "About one thousand words," replied Mr. Harris. "Such writing is easy for me. I like it, and when I am tired from my other work I take it up and soon feel rested. It is rather amusing work, you know, and does not require much care."
"I should think you would have to re-

vise it over and over again."
"No, on the contrary," was the reply.
"I revise very little. I have not the time, and the work is such that it doe quire it. It is, I think, work for the day. I don't suppose it will last."

"Is not dialect writing an invention "Yes." replied the great dialect writer of the south. "It seems so. Waiter Scott was among the first of our authors who used it largely. Burts wrote many of his poems in dialect, and Tennyson, you know, wrote much dialect verse. Chaucer was written in the language of his time, and it is curious that in some respects the dialect used then was somewhat the same as that

#### of the plantations today.' "Uncle Remus'" Book Loves.

Mr. Harris has always been fond of the old English classics. The simplicity of his style was largely cultivated through his study of the great English authors during his boyhood. As he talked thus of Chaucer and other writers I wondered as to what books had most influenced him, and I asked him to tell me something of his book loves, saying I supposed that he

"I read somewhat," was the reply. It is hard for me to say what books have had much effect upon my work. When I began to set type on the plantation I found that my employer had a large library. He kindly allowed me to borrow brary. He kindly allowed me to borrow such books as I wished, and among those which I read first was the Vicar of Wake-field.' Its simplicity lelighted me, and I field. Its simplicity lelighted me, and I read it again and again. I think I could today repeat pages of it. I still read it and enjoy it almost as much as when I first saw it. It is so genuine, you know. Another author whom I especially like is Sir Thomas Browne. It is a strange thing that though this man had a library of perhaps two thousand volumes. of perhaps two thousand volumes, em-bracing the works of modern writers, as well as the English classics, that I in most

#### cases took to the classics." The Bible and "Uncle Remus'" Re-

"Then another book that I read a good deal," Mr. Harris went on "Is the Bible. It is one of the best books in literature. I like it and I read it more and more."

"What portion do you read most?"
"The New Testament," replied "Uncle Remus." "I especially like Paul's Epistles and the Gospels. I am very fond of parts of the Old Testament. They seem to fit into my nature at certain times, and there are hours when a chapter or so of Ec-claestics seems especially appropriate."

claestics seems especially appropriate.

"By the way, Mr. Harris, what is your religion, anyhow?"

"Uncle Remus" thought a moment and then said rather soberly: "That is a difficult question to answer. I hardly know myself. I can only say I believe in all good women. I should good men and all good women. I should not want to live if I had no faith in my

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

from the New York Telegram. Barber-"This is a bad quarter, sir." Customer-"That's all right. I had a bad

# FROM DEATH TO LIFE

Joys and Sorrows of Christmas Times During the War.

A WASHINGTON WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE

How She Lost and Found Her Husband on Christmas Day.

IN PRISON AS A SPY

A few squares northeast of the Capitol resides a widow lady, Mrs. Lee, who, while erjoying the Christmas festivities of 1896, cannot forget some of her experiences during the festal days of 1861 and 1862. The first was the most gloomy she had ever spent, for her husband, the only wageearner in the family, had been captured and taken to a southern jail a few months before, and just before Christmas she had learned, from an apparently authentic source, that he had been hanged; and those of 1862 the most cheering, for the husband and father had returned a few weeks before, and though a physical wreck, he helped the family to enjoy the occasion.

Her husband, Mr. A. H. Lee, was at the commencement of the war a well-known painter in the northern part of the city, and had come here with his family a few years before from Calvert county, Md. He had his shop on K street near 8th northwest, and with his family lived near by. In appearance he was one of those enigmas of humanity, apparently so delienigmas of humanity, apparently so delicate in health as to make one wonder how
he was able to walk much less than to
perform a man's share of labor, and no
one would suppose for an instant that he
would be able to perform military or any
other service for the government. He was
a man of strong mind, cool, calculating
and of ready wit, and being in thorough
sympathy with the government, when the
war broke out, he applied to Gen. Mansfield for work in the cause. His appearance personally was against his employment, and although the authorities were
satisfied that his personal knowledge of
people in southern Maryland, supposed to
be in sympathy with the rebellion, could be
used to advantage, he was thanked for his
offer and told that when needed he would
be called on. The secret service, or military detective system, was then being
evolved, and such was the condition of affairs that it was difficult to ascertian who be called on. The secret service, or military detective system, was then being evolved, and such was the condition of affairs that it was difficult to ascertain who was for or against the government, and these voluntary work by there was more or less voluntary work by private citizens.

#### A Volunteer Detective.

Mr. Lee became impatient for work, and hearing daily of information being furnished the government by others, he determined to take a "go-as-you-please" commission, and do some work on his own account. He having lived a number of years in the lower part of Maryland, and through his business having formed a large acquaintance with the people, was convinced that the sympathies of a number were with the south, and some were aiding in keeping open a mail route to and from the confederacy. He had become aware that much of the contraband mail was sent from and received in Washington, and determined to learn the detalls of the business, and if possible the active agents in it. Leaving his family, Mrs. Lee and three children, osteneibly to look for work, he followed some of Fis clues, and succeeded in obtaining, in the course of his two weeks' absence, such valuable information as to locate the confederate post office in Washington. This he at once communicated to the military, authorities, and it resulted in the seizing, at a store near the Center market, of a number of contraband letters and lower part of Maryland, and through his authorities, and it resulted in the seizing, at a store near the Center market, of a number of contraband letters and papers. This work gave him a standing, and he was recognized by Gen. Mansfield as a trusted agent of the military service. As, however, he was to make the lower Potomac the scene of his operations, it was not long before he was directed to report to the Navy Department and work in connection with the Potomac flotilla.

On August 3 of that year the stage for Leonardtown had him as a passenger, and he was quite confident that on the trip he would be enabled to completely break up the Potomac route for the clandestine mail; and, indeed, he then had, in his mind, the locations of several stations on the Maryland side. After verifying one or two matters of debate he was to communicate with the gunboat Yankee, and strict attention was to be paid to the points in question, but suddenly his career as a dediestion, but suddenly instances as a tective came to an end. This was effected, it was thought, by one regarded by the family as their most intimate personal friend, and when in after days the family here and the husband confined in prison tried to conjecture how he had been found out and captured, he had been found out and captured, they could not recall any circumstance but one which might have led to his betrayal. This was that on a visit to the home by the supposed friend one of the children had unwittingly mentioned the name of a person residing in southern Maryland with whom the friend was acquainted and at whose place the secret agent had spent some days, and they were quite certain that the friend surnised from this fact that the husband was engaged in wetching onthe husband was engaged in watching op-erations, and communicated his suspicions to parties living in that section. Mr. Lee had on his previous trips excited no sus-picion, for his two or three trips had been made in his working clothes, with a bundle of overalis and a few brushes, and what books and papers he carried apparently pertained to his work of painting, but he had in his mind his instructions, and a small amount of money in his pocket.

#### Took to the Woods.

talker, and it was a common saying among his friends that he could joke in the face of death, but they little expected that his quick wit would one day save him from death by hanging.

He took the stage from Marshall's, on street between 4½ and 6th streets, and the monotony of the trip was relieved by story and joke, and his fellow-passengers enjoyed them. When in the evening he was set down at the tavern door, with his thoughts on supper, he found that his arrival had convend much interest and that thoughts on supply, he found that his afri-val had caused much interest, and that there were some suspicous movements being made. He soon learned that if caught he would not live to tell the tale. Then he made for the woods and swamps, and he disappeared in them not a minute too soon; for as he walked hither and thither he see for as he walked hither and thither he sev-eral times heard his pursuers, and more than once got a sight of some of the party. His general course was toward the river, and he hoped by daylight to reach it, and to be able to communicate with a gun-boat. So near did they come upon him that it required the greatest caution on his part, but after traveling, he thought, for thirty miles, the following day he was finally car tured and taken to a farm house near the river, where he was guarded till night. Then a party, over a dozen, in a large seine boat, rowed him across the river, and, after landing, proceeded to hold a parley, and discussed what disposition they should discussed what disposition they should make of him. Some suggested shooting, but others objected that it would be too much honor to put him out of the way as a soldier, when he was a spy; and they decided that as a spy he should hang. Under guard, between two trees, he had heard the discussion, but he showed no sign of fear, nor did his wit forsake him. The leader, approaching him, said: "You have heard what your doom is. You are to be hung, and if you have anything to say or hung, and if you have anything to say or preparations to make, we will give you a little time."

"Gentlemen, if you hang me, you want to do it properly, break my neck; don't you?" he asked.

he asked.

"Yes," was answered in a chorus.

"Wesl," said he, laughingly, "how can you break my neck, as light as I am? You had better wait till you can get a fifty-six-pound weight to tie to my heels."

This remark caused a general laugh, and the crowd admiring his pluck, the execution was postponed. They then started over the country to meet some confederate troops, and in a few days he was lodged in the Henrico county jail.

Time wore on, and family and friends knew not his whereabouts, but the wife felt that he was yet alive and refused to

believe reports which were sent her that

he had been hung. These came to her, from time to time, and more than one from time to time, and more than one came by letter, from parties in southern Maryland, who claimed to know. The wife was then quite handsome and attractive, and although having the care of three children, which keot her, when not out inquiring for tidings of her husband, at home, at least one gentleman with matrimony in view sought to make her believe that she was indeed a widow, but she repelled his advances, assuring him that she felt that she should see her husband again, and if not she would live true to his memory. Finally some of his friends determined to ask the intervention of the War Department in obtaining information as to his whereabouts or death. It so happened that a friend of the family (a reporter of The Star) came into possession of a Richmond paper (taken from a prisoner of war), in which he found the advertisement of a form r friend of the lost husband. This was in the provost marshal's office, and he made arrangements with an officer that a letter from Mrs. Lee, addressed to her husband's former friend, should be passed through the lines, and a few days thereafter such letter was sent.

Dire News of His Death. Whether the letter was delivered to the

roper party, or whether he made a mistake in the answer, is not known, but just before Christmas a letter was received by Mrs. Lee, purporting to come from the party, in which he said that her husband had a few weeks before "been hanged as a spy between two nigger thieves;" that he had not known his old friend was near he had not known his old Iriend was near till too late, but he had claimed the body, had it decently interred at Hollywood, and whenever the lines were opened he would see to the shipment of the body to her. Although the wife could not get the thought from her mind that her hus-hard was still alive the letter appropriaband was still alive, the letter apparently came so direct and appeared to be genuine that she deemed it her duty to the comthat she deemed it her duty to the com-munity to put on the widow's garb. Thus Christmas day of 1861 found a family in mourning for a husband and father, who had suffered the most ignominious mode of death, and as may be imagined in the hum-ble home there was a night or shadow, which in spite of efforts to the contrary cast a gloom on the festivities of the day. In a few months, to economize the form which in spite of, efforts to the contrary cast a gloom on the festivities of the day. In a few months, to economize, the family moved to a modest little frame house near the marine barracks. Mrs. Lee was not, however, without friends, and managed to eke out an existence by the use of her needle. It was then that, in her plain mourning, she looked more charming than ever, and it was not long before more than one admirer sought to pay addresses to her. As before, she firmly adhered to her determination, be her husband alive or dead, to bear his name to the grave, and dismissed them. Though bound by the custom of the times, and in view of the apparent truth of the Richmond friend's letter, and the many seemingly authentic reports of her husband's death to wear the widow's weeds, she never was quite reconciled to her situation, and her constant prayer was that she might eventually see him alive. Thus she lived, and as time wore on the friends of Mr. Lee settled down to the opinion that he was dead and that Mrs. Lee was justified in living as his widow. widow.

On the morning of December 3, 1862, a reporter of The Star, in gathering news, made his daily call on Major E. M. Camp at the Soldiers' Rest, near the B. and O. depot, and there learned of the arrival of a number of exchanged civilian rival of a number of exchanged civilian prisoners, late the night before, a list being furnished him. The name of Lee was on the list, but the reporter failed to connect it with his old friend, who he supposed to be dead. In going among those who were still at the Rest the reporter was informed that the Lees who came with them was the K street painter, and he had left to look up his family. This was enough, and the reporter at once has ened to the residence of Mrs. Lee.

Arriving at the home near the barracks Arriving at the home near the barracks

Arriving at the home near the barracks and knocking the reporter opened the door exclaiming, "Where is Mr. Lee?"

"What do you mean?" Muu know he is dead," answered Mrs. Lee. of

"I know nothing of the kind," replied the reporter, "but I know that Mr. Lee is alive and in the city."

"You are joking. You are not telling the truth," said the suppose I widow.
"I am telling the truth, He arrived last

"I am telling the truth, afte arrived last night and started to find you."
"Oh, bless God," she exclaimed. "My prayers are answered," her face brightening, and putting her tands to her eyes she broke into alternated its of laughter and sobbing, during which the children danced, laughed and cried for joy, exclaiming, "Where is papa?"

the excitement, but finally she went to her former home and ascertained that Lee had spent the night with a friend, on 7th street, and had been called to the War Department, and she followed there to find that he had been sent to her residence. Re-turning she found that he had preceded her but a short time, and weak as he was (for his experience had left him a veritable walking skeleton), he was endeavoring to caress the overjoyed children, who looked on him as one returned from the grave.

#### Joyful Christbus.

was a joyful one may be easily imagined, and Christmas day, 1862, was a happy one. Mr. Lee, however, failed to recover his health, and after six months' suffering, died at his home-thus the prayers of Mrs. Lee were answered.

During the months of Mr. Lee's incar-ceration she continually prayed that she might at least bury him should she not be permitted to see him.

Mrs. Lee has, with her children and

grandchildren, spent many Christmases since, and bids fair to spend many more. She vividly remembers the Christmases of '61 and '62, and when the anniversary comes cannot but recall the days when she was looked on as a widow, and the last days in the life of her husband.

There was some difficulty in obtaining a pension in Lee's behalf, or that of the widow and children, as he was not an officer or enlisted man of either the army or navy, but some years after the widow secured an acknowledgment of his services

# WHAT A GILDED DOME COSTS.

The Massachusetts State House Gets

A good many persons have been growling lately about the appearance of Boston's chief pride, the gilded dome, which used to crown the city before so many high buildings were put up, and which still reigns in somewhat diminished majesty on the summit of Beacon Hill. The dome is looking quite dingy, and has been so for some time but there is no likelihood that it will be regilded before the work on the interior has been finished. This probably will be in less than a year, and, although it has not been definitely decided, Sergeant-at-Arms Adams is of the opinion that the dome will be regilded as soon as this work is finished. Before that it would not be worth while, as the work which is going on in the interior would be likely to disturb the surface, and even with what little has already been done, two or three patches of the gilding have been knocked off from the east side. According to precedent, the dome is not due for a regilding for a number of years

to come. The last regilding was done in 1888, eight years ago, and from that time back to the renovation before it was a back to the renovation before it was a much longer period, as the latter took place in 1874, fourteen years before. The average time between regildings is about twelve years, and has never been less than ten under ordinary circumstances, so that in the natural course of things nothing would be done to the dome for at least four years. The work going on, however, and the fire which occurred under the dome awhile ago have made it look so bad that it probably will be regilded as soon as this can be done

The work is one of a good deal of expense, costing usually about \$5,000. Of this the goldleaf is the principal item, as this usually costs more than \$2,000. In the last regilding 392 packages of the finest leaf, were used. Twenty gallons of gold sizing were used in putting it on, and there were 375 days' labor in the regilding alone. Another considerable item is the putting up and taking down again of the staging which the men must have to work upon. This costs nearly \$900, and in the last regilding there were used 7,812 feet of spruce and 295 pounds of nails, while 28 days' skilled carpentry and 63 days' ordinary labor were used on the staging alone. The work has to be done with the greatest care, and the workmen all have to be surrounded with a canvas screen to keep the wind from with a canvas screen to keep the wind from blowing the goldleaf away.

# The Patent Whatisit!

It looks like sarsaparilla, smells like sarsaparilla, tastes like sarsaparilla, it is sarsa...... Stop! What is the name on the bottle? Is it Ayer? Then it is sarsaparilla; the best that is made. But the other kind, that looks and smells and tastes like sarsaparilla. What is it? That's it. It's whatisit. It's a conundrum. Give it up. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, alone, is made exclusively from the imported Honduran sarsaparilla plant, the variety richest in medicinal value and healing power. Possibly, this is why one bottle of Ayer's does as much work as three bottles of any other kind. At least, that is what people say who've tried others, and then tried Ayer's. Some go farther. There's George Smith, Druggist, of Seymour, Conn., for example, who writes: "I will guarantee more benefit from one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than by using half a dozen bottles of any other kind." That's the sort of record Ayer's Sarsaparilla is living up to. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record---50 years of cures.

Send for the "Curebook."

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Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

# PHILOSOPHER DOOLEY ON CHARITY. His Idea of the Kind of People to Get Help. turned suddenly an' said: 'What can we do f'r ye?' She told him in her own way. 'Well, me good woman,' says he, 'ye'll undherstand that th' comity is much besieged the says. From the Chicago Post.

"Whin th' col' spell comes along about Chris'mas time," said Mr. Hennessy, opening the stove door and lighting a small piece of paper which he conveyed to the bowl of his pipe with much dexterity, just snaring the last flicker with his first noisy inhalation, "whin th' col' weather come on I wish thim Grogans down in th' alley'd move out. I have no peace at all with th' ol' woman. She has me r-runnin' in night

an' day with a pound of tay or a flannel shirt or a this-or-that-or-th'-other thing, an'. 'tis on'y two weeks ago, whin th' weather was warrum, she 'tol' me Mrs. Grogan was as ongrateful as a cow an' smelled so iv gin ye cud have th' deleeryum

"What ye shud do," said Mr. Dooley, "Is to get ye'er wife to join an organized charity. Th' throuble with her is she gives to onworthy people an' in a haphazard way that tinds to make paupers. If they'se annything will make a person ongrateful an' depindent it's to give thim something to eat whin they're hungry withth' delicate attintion. A man, or a woman ayether, has to have what ye may call peculiar qualifications f'r to gain th' lump iv coal or th' pound iv steak that an or-ganized charity gives out. He must be honest an' sober an' industhrious. He must have a frind in th' organization. He must have a trind in the organization. He must have arned th' right to beg his bread be th' sweat iv his brow. He must be able to comport himself like a gintleman in fair society an' play a good hand at whist. He must have a marriage like as whist. He must have a marridge license over th planny an' a goold-edged Bible on th' mar-ble-topped table. A pauper that wud dis-believe there was a God afther thrampin

th' sthreets in search iv food an' calmin' an orreasonable stomach with th' east wind is no object iv charity. What he needs is th' attintion iv a polisman. I've aften wondhered why a man that was fit to dhraw a ton iv slate coal an' a gob iv liver fr'm th' relief an' aid society cidn't apply f'r a cabinet position or a place in a bank. He'd be sthrong f'r ayether.

"I mind wanst there was a woman lived down near Main sthreet be th' name iv Clancy, Mother Clancy th' kids called her. She come fr'm away off to th' wist, a Gal-vay woman fr'm bechune mountain an' sea. Ye know what they ar're whin they're black, an' she was worse an' blacker. She black, an' she was worse an' blacker. She was tall an 'thio, with a face white th' way a corpse is white, an' she had wan child, a lame la'ad that used to play be himsilf in th' sthreet, th' lawn bein' limited. I niver heerd tell iv her havin' a husband, poor thing, an' what she'd need wan f'r, but to dhrag out her misery f'r her in th' gray year sivinty-foor, I cudden't say. She talked an' ed to hersilf in Gaelic whin she walked, an' 'twas Gaelic she an' th' kid used whin they wint out together. Th' kids thought she was a witch an' broke th' windows iv her house, an' ivry wan was afraid iv her but th' little priest. He shook his head whin she was mintioned, an' wint to see her want in awhile, an' come away with a throubled face.

"Sivinty-foor was a hard winter f'r th' r-road. Th' mills was shut down an' ye cud've stood half th' population iv some iv th' precincts on their heads an' got nothin' but five day's notices out iv thim. Th' nights came cold, an' bechune relievin' th' sigh an' givin' extremunation to th' driving the cold of the cold sick an' givin' extremunction to th' dyin' an' comfortin' th' widows an' orphans, th' little priest was sore pressed fr'm week's end to week's end. They was smallpox in wan part iv th' wa-ard an' diphtheria in another, an' bechune th' two there was starvation an' cold an' not enough blankets

"Th' Galway woman was th' las' to plain. How she iver stud it as long as she did I lave f'r others to say. Annyhow, whin she come down to Halsted sthreet to make application f'r help to th' Society f'r th' Relief iv th' Desarvin' Poor she looked tin feet tall an' all white cheek bones an' burn-in' black eyes. It took her a long time to make up her mind to go in, but she done it an' stepped up to where th' reel-estate man Dougherty, cheerman iv th' comity, was standin', with his back to th' stove, an' his hands undher his coat-talls. They was those that said Dougherty was a big hearted man an' give freely was a big hearthose that said Bougherty was a big hearrted man an' give freely to th' poor, but
I'd rather take rough-on-rats fr'm you,
Hinnissy, thin sponge cake fr'm him or th'
likes iv him. He looked at her, finished a
discoorse on th' folly iv givin' to persons
with a bad moral charackter, an' thin

Mr. Ferry—"I don't know whether I can
explain it to you exactly. Perhaps you had
better ask your mother. And also tell her,
by the way, that your poor father said he
had been trusting a wire nail to act as a
suspender button for the past three days."

The Coming.

From Life.

"Nina's count has arrived
had been trusting a wire nail to act as a
suspender button for the past three days."

"C. O. D., they say."

From Harper's Bazar.

be th' imporchunities iv th' poor,' he says, 'an' we're obliged to limit our alms to thim that desarves thim, he says. 'We can't do anything f'r ye on ye're own say so, but we'll sind a man to invistigate ye're case, an', he says, 'if th' raypoort on ye'er moral charackter is satisfacthry,' he says, 'we'll attind to ye.' attind to ye.'

"I dinnaw what it was, but th' matther popped out iv Dougherty's head an' nayether that day nor th' nex' nor th' nex' afther that was annything done f'r th' Galway woman. I'll say this f'r Dougherty. way woman. I'll say this f'r Dougherty, that whin th' thing come back to his mind again he put on his coat an' hurried over to Main sthreet. They was a wagon in th' sthreet, but Dougherty took no notice iv it. He walked up an' rapped on th' dure, an' th' little priest stepped out, th' breast iv his overcoat bulgin'. 'Why, father.' he says, 'ar-re ye here? I jus' come f'r to see —' 'Peace,' said th' little priest, closin' th' dure behind him an' takin' Dougherty be th' ar-rm. 'We were both late.' But 'twas not till they got to th' foot iv th' stairs not till they got to th' foot iv th' stairs that Dougherty noticed that th' wagon come fr'm th' county undertaker, an' that 'twas th' chalice made th' little priest's coat to bulge."

#### MARITAL VOWS DISREGARDED. Quarter of a Million Sinners in a New York City.

There has been a good deal of gossip over the statement made by Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst in his Thanksgiving sermon that there are at least a quarter of a million unfaithful husbands and wives in the community. The minister, however, is certain that he did not overestimate the matter. In his sermen, Dr. Parkhurst, among other things, said:

"The love between husband and wife is kept true in some cases by the possession of children, but I have learned enough to know that in the case of any couple that might present themselves before me to be married I would not at any rate of preconjugal felicity good for more than five years, unless on the contingency of offspring or on the basis of their common

"If a lady goes to the store and buys an article that she is sure is marvelously cheap, and cannot understand how such a piece of hand-made goods can be procured to the control of the co at so pitiable a figure, she knows, if she at so pittable a figure, she knows, if she knows anything about the world she lives in and the industrial conditions that prevail, that some poor girl in some sickly back alley has been half paid for her work, and she, the elegant lady going shopping in her carriage, gets the benefit of it. This city is full of this, and so is every other city. She does not kill the girl outright, but she helps to kill her by inches."

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, president of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, president the Social Purity League, thought Parkhurst erred in placing the number at a

quarter of a million.
"There are more than that," she said, "and the most of them are in the upper the miserable 40,000 deprayed women in the city. What are they compared with the more than 250,000 married persons who are no better than they?

no better than they?

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Dr.Parkhurst tells us about these things, and they are all too true, but he does not prescribe any remedy for them. I do not believe what he says about there being no faithful love without religion or a belief in a Father in heaven. I have seen too many cases where there has been faithful love without religion. What we want is "There is not the semblance of a law pro-

tecting marriage in the state of New A Gentle Hint.

Bobby-"Popper, what is the wire nail

#### THE IMPERIAL QUARREL.

As for her majesty's eldest daughter,

Ten Million Dollars the Cause of the Estrangement in Germany's Court. From the New York Tribune,

Empress Frederick of Germany, she is already at the present moment celebrated as one of the wealthiest women in Europe, recelving an allowance from the Prussian treasury as widow of a king of Prussia, an arnuity from the English treasury of \$40, 000 a year, besides which she has inherited the major part of the great fortune of the Franco-Italian Duchess of Galliera, and an erormous sum, the exact value of which cannot be defined, from her husband, Emperor Frederick. At the time when the lat-ter succeeded to the throne there were in the hands of Baron Kohn, the private banker of the old Emperor William, no less than 54,000,000 marks (310,800,000) in cash, which were bequeathed to Emperor Frederick on the understanding that it cash, which were bequeathed to Emperor Frederick on the understanding that it was to constitute a species of family treasure, controlled by the head of the house of Hohenzollern for the time being, and to be used for the benefit of the family. When Emperor Frederick died at the close of his brief raign of nights days. Emperor Frederick died at the close of his brief reign of ningty days, scarcely any of this money was left. The major portion of it is understood to have been invested abroad by Emperor Frederick's orders in the name of his widow, her uncle, the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and her cousin, King Leopold of Belgium, being nominated as trustees. It may be remembered that the late Prince Stolberg, who oiled last week, resigned at the time his office of minister of the imperial household in a fit of anger, declaring that he would be no party to diverting from the German crown a sum of money accumulated by old Emperor William for the specific benefit of the family. But as there was nothing legally to prevent Emperor Frederick from disposing of the money as he wished, nothing could be done to prevent it, and inasmuch as it was invested abroad, there could be no question of its recovery after his death. It is this monetary question which goes far to account for the intense animosity and the utter absence of filial consideration which young Emperor William manifested for some time after his succession to the throne to his mother, the widowed Empress Frederick. widowed Empress Frederick.

#### From Household Words

The Doctor-"Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at His Wife-"What is the matter with th

The Doctor—"I don't know; but Mrs. Brown has a book on 'What to Do Before the Doctor Comes,' and I must hurry up before she does it."

Literary Information. From the Chicago Record.

I want to buy a Christmas present of a book for a young man." "Yes, miss, what kind of a book would you like?"

"Why, a book for a young man."
"Well-but what kind of a young man?"
"Oh, he's tall and has light hair, and he iways wears blue neckties."

What He Wanted. Uncle Bob-"Well, Tommy, what do you

She-"If you know so much about the

Bible, tell me what the foolish virgins said

when the approach of the bridegroom was

want Santa Claus to bring you for Christ-Tommy—"I've got a golf suit, but I think I should like him to bring me one of those handicaps like papa wanted in the last tournament. He said if he'd had one big enough he'd have won."

"Nina's count has arrived from Europe



